

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1814.

[NO. 45.]

A VISION

OF FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

METHOUGHT I beheld an extensive plain, upon which stood a stately throne, of curious workmanship. Before the throne was gathered together a large concourse of females. The whiteness of their garments rivalled the new fallen snow, and their spirited countenances betokened an anxiety derived from eagerness of curiosity. There were numerous spectators of this extraordinary scene. When I enquired who the individuals were, that composed the assembly, and why they were met together, it was replied—"On yonder plain, sir, are assembled the Fair Sex, from the middle and higher walks of life. The throne is to be filled by the GODDESS OF FEMALE EXCELLENCE. We wait her descent. She will address her youthful auditors, and furnish them with directions for the regulation of their future lives."

A secret satisfaction stole across my soul, on being present on so very interesting an occasion. But scarcely was the information communicated, when the acclamations of the multitude announced the appearance of the Goddess. Rapid and magnificent was her descent from the sky. Her presence flung a vivid effulgence over every adjacent object. Her person was tall and graceful; her habiliments simple, yet elegant; in her countenance was blended the bloom of youth, with the sedateness of maturer years. The celestial visitant seated herself upon the throne. Every murmur was hushed into silence; every eye fixed itself on the Goddess; and every bosom glowed with fervid expectation. She arose with a majestic air, and thus addressed the attentive audience:

"Daughters of men! This day ye are assembled for an important purpose. I shall communicate sentiments, with which you should be intimately acquainted. I have your dearest interests at heart. I breathe the warmest wishes for your present and future felicity.

"The Creator in the plenitude of his benevolence, made Woman an helpmate to Man.—You are therefore possessed of a similar form; endowed with an intelligent soul; and furnished with passions and dispositions necessary to accomplish the purposes of your existence. Upon most of your sex nature bestows the graceful form; the well proportioned feature; the engaging mein; and the delicate complexion. These exterior charms, however fascinating, and though many plume themselves upon them, are of little worth, unaccompanied with the more permanent accomplishments of the mind. To these I call your attention. May their enumeration kindle a spirit of emulation! For nobler ends were you designed than to flutter about like gaudy and insignificant insects, enamoured of outward show. You are capable of elevated attainments. Seek them with assiduity. Cultivate them with enthusiasm.

"Attend carefully to the improvement of the mind. It is of primary importance. I do not mean that you should be versed in the profound parts of literature. The abstruse sciences are unconnected with domestic life. But why not rendered companions for the discerning of the other sex? From the too common neglect of intellectual accomplishments flows the false and illiberal suggestion that your understanding is weak, and therefore incapable of any considerable culture. By reading and meditating improve the faculties of your mind.—Biography, voyages, history, and poetry selected with judgment, repay amply, the time consumed upon them. Nor be unacquainted with periodical Essays. They prove an inexhaustible fund of rational entertainment and instruction. Romances and Novels peruse with caution. Most of them inflame the juvenile imagination, irritate the fancy, and exhibiting fallacious views of life, cruelly torture the female heart.

The cultivation of a good temper merits particular attention. It inclines you to be satisfied with the lot assigned by Providence, to forgive the injuries of enemies, and to be unoffended with the foibles of friends. It is the basis of human bliss. The infirmities of mankind call for its perpetual exercise. With the wisdom of the serpent mingle the innocence of the dove. And may the genius of discord never hover over your habitation; for domestic felicity, the most dear of sublunary enjoyments, is marred by the obliquities of an irritable temper.

"Be not inattentive to the nicer sensibilities of the heart. Graceful is the garb of humanity. Generous is the heart dilated by the milk of human kindness. To melt at another's woe and to commiserate the unfortunate, are congenial to the female kind. If unsusceptible of humane sensations a shade is cast over your best qualities. To raise the dejected, to administer the cup of relief, and to visit the fatherless and widow, are your almost exclusive province. Sympathy avails, when boasted medicine proves inefficacious. Withhold not, then, what is in the power of all to give. Spare no exertion to alleviate human woe.

"In your Friendships be firm; in your attachments be decidedly fixed. Coquetish frivolity disgraces those who dare to indulge it. Give no room then to the imputation! Having just reason to think favourably of an individual, let not idle report, sordid considerations, or volatile caprice enfeeble your predilection. Believe not all you hear. The breath of calumny sullies the most uncontaminated reputation. Rashly disapprove of none. The human character is complicated, and latent are the excellencies of many. Long acquaintance and close scrutiny, bring them fully to view. The fickle mind, like the restless ocean, is a stranger to tranquility and peace.

"Let modesty preside over every part of your conduct. The reign of modesty, is the reign of simplicity and innocence. She is the queen of virtues. She is the patroness of every

thing excellent and praise-worthy. With incredible charms she decorates female beauty. Divested of her enchanting influence, the sweetest complexion is unattractive, and the finest features have but a slender power to engage. Modesty is a thin transparent veil, which shows with superior lustre, the graces it would seem to cover, as a new blown rose is more beautiful, when its leaves are a little folded, than when its glories are fully displayed.

"Be virtuous and religious. Of what avail was the consummate beauty of *Helen* and of *Cleopatra*, and of *Rosamond*, and of *Shore*? Unenamelled by the excellence of moral goodness, it entangled them in fatal snares, and pierced them through with many sorrows.—But virtue alone, though valuable, is insufficient. Devoid of Religion, the female character is incomplete. The goodly train of charities, unoriginating in a rational and fervent piety, are precariously founded. Mere unassisted virtue is of too delicate a texture, to suffer long the rude blasts of this inhospitable clime. It droops its head, and dies away, like the lily, nipped by the frozen gale. As religion confers upon virtue, strength and permanency, believe firmly its truth, imbibe its spirit, obey its precepts, imitate the example of its immaculate author, and aspire to the transcendent honors of a blissful immortality.

"Such are the prominent features of *Female Excellence*; but regard for your best interests forbid me to close here. To the female character, adhere blemishes, which tarnish its beauty, and obscure its glory. Over these, charity refuses to fling her veil. To specify them is painful, but all I utter is dictated by a concern for your truest welfare.

"Watch against the intrusion of pride, affectation, and extravagance. Pride renders you disgusting, affectation ridiculous; and extravagance hateful. No esteem is conciliated by the haughty look, the forward gait, or the forbidding mein. Detraction indicates unamiableness of spirit, and is incompatible with the dignity of the sex. Never countenance the obsequious flatterer. His design is evil; his incense is pestilential. The gilded, but empoisoned pill of adulation, is administered with deplorable success. Thus, the innocence and reputation of the modest, but too credulous virgin, are often sacrificed at the shrine of unhallowed passion. But of all the infelicities of life is his not the greatest, who enlarges the catalogue of female woes?

"Be not the votaries of preposterous fashion. This pernicious turn of mind generates embarrassments, sorely felt, deeply regretted, yet not easily obviated. To the manners of the country where you reside, a temperate regard is due, dictated by good sense and strict propriety. Repress the rage for popular amusements, which characterizes the present age. Do they not often encroach on the time claimed by domestic affairs? Are they not accompanied with enormous expence? Have they not, sometimes, annihilated sobriety of mind, and banished regularity of conduct, the

eluding excellencies of the moral character?

"Upon the eye of the impassioned admirer the ray of female excellence plays with distinguished brilliancy. Direct into an useful channel, whatever ascendancy you obtain. In some cases your influence may be almost authoritative. *Eve* abused it, when she plucked the forbidden fruit, and gave it to *Adam*.—*Helen* abused it, when she occasioned the Trojan war, and *Cleopatra* abused it when she accelerated the ruin of *Anthony*, in the height and splendor of his military career. Awed by these examples, let your Jurisdiction over the other sex be mild and beneficial. Then you humanize the ferocious, disarm the evil mindedness of passion, and check the folly of dissipated extravagance.

"In fine, you possess the momentous trust of training up the rising generation. Under your immediate inspection, the individuals of the human race pass the important years of infancy and childhood; important, not indeed in themselves, but on account of their connection with subsequent life. When their memories are retentive, and their minds docile, teach them the inestimable lessons of Wisdom, Virtue and Religion.

"May He, who in the beginning empowered Woman to captivate, and gave Man the susceptibility of impression, guide you through the mazes, and support you under the perplexities of this transitory existence! To the graceful form; the well regulated feature; the engaging mien; and the delicate complexion, may there be added, the improved mind; the mild disposition; and, the obliging temper!—May you be distinguished for intelligence, modesty, sensibility, virtue and religion! May every avenue to your hearts, be guarded against the wiles of the insidious adulator, and, the less disguised insinuations of the vicious and unprincipled rake! May the hopes of your parents be realized! May your partners in life equal your wishes! May your children rise up to call you blessed! and, quitting this troubled theatre, may you be admitted into the abode of bliss, and be clothed with the Robes of Immortal Beauty!"

Here the Goddess ceased. The exultations of the assembly roused me from my slumbers; and the Visionary scene vanished in the twinkling of an eye

Selected for the New-York Weekly Museum.

EUDORA.

"Yes! she must pardon, if awhile
I talk of moments that are flown."

IN the extensive round of thirteen years full many a chequered scene presents itself to the observing eye.—How often do the feuds of parents deprive their children of happiness! Thirteen years ago Eudora and myself were girl and boy: she was lovely; we both were innocent. Vice had not then displayed her gay allurements to attract us from the paths of virtue, and before the ray of reason had arisen to light us through the road of life, a long separation deprived us of that sweet converse of which an innocent attachment is alone capable. Past pleasures were forgotten in the enjoyment or pursuit of others, and those faint images which recollection sometimes delineated were almost crased from the youthful mind.

Still might we have remained, unknowing and unknown; had not chance, which sometimes proves itself a friend, favoured us with its assistance.—The addresses of Frederick were paid to an accomplished female. I repeatedly saw her: she was, indeed, beautiful; but whether the perfections of her mind equaled her external appearance, I had not then an opportunity of proving. Her name did not strike me, nor did a single feature recall to my remembrance one whom I had known before.—But it was Eudora, it was that Eudora whom in my childhood I had loved. This I knew not till long after, and then my seductive friend had deserted the fond object of his inconstant choice.—*Seductive!*—can the admirer of virtue cherish the flame of friendship for the seducer of innocence?—It is strange! I meant it not, however, in the full extent of the word: Eudora's virtue was still secure: but the affections may be seduced while the soul shall remain uncontaminated. It is strange, however,

"That man, thus privileged to ruin souls,
Shall rove about undaunted."

shall still preserve his interest and his honor;
and be caressed by all;

"While the wretch
Whom he hath made, must either die unseen,
Or plunge in deeper guilt, and fall for ever."

Kind chance again affected an interview, and my good genius bade me improve the happy opportunity. I found her superior to the fondest wish my soul could have framed. United to a form, which for its loveliness an angel might adore, she possesses a mind replete with every excellence that can enrich the human intellect. The complacent smile of conscious rectitude, still illumines her lovely features, and a mild suavity of manners enhances the value of her conversation.

O thou BENEFICENT BEING, who hast hitherto protected the wayward steps of my youth! if ere my fervent orisons proved grateful to thy ear, if to call Eudora mine would be a blessing; (and surely it must be such!) O hasten the happy moment, when our united thanks shall daily reach the blissful mansions of the just.

Willingly would I throw myself at her feet, and declare the ardour and sincerity of that passion, which the balmy breath of friendship blew into a flame, did I not know that

"The soul of sensibility can feel
Thorns that on vulgar minds inflict no smart."

Perhaps a too hasty declaration might lacerate those wounds which the all-soothing hand of time has scarcely healed; and I would not offer violence to the inhabitant of that bosom, whom I would rather die than injure.

Thy virtues, lovely girl! can alone compensate for my deceased, lost love. Every bright endowment which beamed forth in her bosom, shines with equal if not superior radiance in thine.—But perhaps, while my breath swells with cheering hope, thou art cold to my wishes, as the urn of her for whom so often I have dried the gushing tear. Yet will I still indulge the fond thought—for it is soothing to my soul—that the assiduous attentions of an honest heart will not pass disregarded by the gentle spirit of Eudora.

HORTENSIS.

POWER OF MUSICK.

A person of honour at Roan, whose name may be best known by du Parreau, all her lifetime did never use the help of any physic, how great soever her infirmities were; but in all her hurts, diseases, childbirth, and lameness, she only desired one who could skillfully play on the tabour and pipe, instead of a physician. Being advanced in age, an extreme pain seized upon her knee, supposed to be some species of the gout; she caused her tabourer instantly to play her a pleasant and lively coranto. The tabourer striving to exceed himself in art and dexterity, in readiness of wind and agility of hand, fell down in a swoon, and so continued for three quarters of an hour: the lady then complained that her pain and affliction was never so extraordinary as in the time of the music's sudden cessation. The musician being recovered, and refreshed with a glass of brisk wine, fell afresh to his former skilful musical playing: and the lady was thereby so eased of her pain, that it utterly left her. I myself was in the chamber when this accident happened, and do avouch, upon my credit, that the gentlewoman thus lived an hundred and six years."

FASHION.

THE origin of many fashions was in the endeavor to conceal some deformity of the inventor. Patches were invented in England, in the reign of Edward the Fourth, by a foreign lady who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duliver, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin.—Charles the Seventh of France introduced long coats, to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis the First was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Fashions have frequently originated in circumstances as silly as the following one.

Isabella, daughter of Philip the Second, and wife to the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed colour of her linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, called *L Isabeau*, or, "the Isabella;" a kind of whitish-yellow-dingy.

NIGHT.

From the Beauties of Mary Woollstoncraft.

Scene, Norway—Time, Spring.

The evening was fine, as is usual at this season; and the refreshing odour of the pine woods became more perceptible; for it was nine o'clock when we left Fredericshall. At the ferry we were detained by a dispute relative to our Swedish passport, which we did not think of getting countersigned in Norway. Midnight was coming on; yet it might with such propriety have been termed the noon of night, that had Young ever travelled towards the north, I should not have wondered at his becoming enamoured of the moon. But it is

not the queen of night alone who reigns here in all her splendour, though the sun, loitering just below the horizon, decks her with a golden tinge from his car, illuminating the cliffs that hide him; the heavens also, of a clear softened blue, throw her forward, and the evening star appears a lesser moon to the naked eye. The huge shadows of the rocks, fringed with firs, concentrating the views, without darkening them, excited that tender melancholy, which sublimating the imagination, exalts, rather than depresses the mind.

My companions fell asleep:—fortunately they did not snore; and I contemplated, fearless of idle questions, a night such as I had never before seen or felt to charm the senses, and calm the heart. The very air was balmy, as it freshened into morn, producing the most voluptuous sensations. A vague pleasurable sentiment absorbed me, as I opened my bosom to the embraces of nature; and my soul rose to its author, with the chirping of the solitary birds, which began to feel, rather than see, advancing day. I had leisure to mark its progress. The grey morn, streaked with silvery rays, ushered in the orient beams,—now beautifully varying into purple!—yet, I was sorry to lose the soft watery clouds which preceded them, exciting a kind of expectation that made me almost afraid to breathe, lest I should break the charm. I saw the sun—and sighed.

Variety.

IRONY.

A bashful man is seldom or ever his own master; he is fearful of making use of his own judgment, and is sure to be overawed by the boldness and impudence of others. Therefore if you have any regard to your consequence in polite society, be careful to study the latter excellent qualification.

If you happen to be a hackney clerk, or an apprentice, muster eight or ten of your fellows and burst into a coffee room or tavern. Talk nonsense vociferously, for common sense cannot be expected. Take the place as it were by storm, crowd round the fire, tread on the heels of the waiters, overturn bottles and glasses, and dash into the first box you see; if you throw down a respectable old gentleman or two perusing the public papers, it will only be a new proof of your vigor, alertness and activity. Lastly, persist in your noise and nonsense, till you have driven every sensible man from the room.

It is no less elegant than amusing for ladies, who have an idle hour or two on their hands, to saunter through the streets, and toss and tumble such shopkeeper's goods over, as may chance to lay in their rambles, asking a thousand questions without purchasing a single article. They ought, however, to remember, when going away, to make an elegant courtesy, accompanied, by Sir, I am very sorry that I have given you so much trouble. The ladies cannot conceive how such people are pleased with these little attentions; especially after such profitable visits.

There is an excellent way of putting off a tradesman, by a true man of fashion; drawl out your words indistinctly, and receive him lolling on your sofa or chair, picking your teeth and twirling your watch chain. So, M. A——, you

have brought your bill, I see; very well, I like punctuality; you may lay it on the table, Mr. A——; and, I say, Mr. A——, you may call on this day fortnight, and then I may probably inform you, Mr.——, when you may call again.

EPIGRAM.

AS Walter and Patrick, one day were conversing,
And boasting of feats by their countrymen wrought;
Of their strength and their stature were quaintly rehearsing,
And what pranks they had play'd, and yet never were caught;
Says Walter, "the children of Anak, so brawny,
Were pigmies, compar'd to Scotch lads of the hill;
And the far-fam'd Goliath, was no more to Sawney,
Than Sandy's wee top to the whail of a mill;"
"Hold, hold," by Shaint Patrick," cries Pat in a passion;
"In Ireland much bigger as yours can be found;
I've frequently known many people of fashion,
So tall, that their feet could not come nigh the ground."

Weekly Museum

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The letter of marque brig Criterion, capt. Waterman, arrived at this port on Monday last in 42 days from La Teste, (France) with a valuable cargo of brandy, wine and dry goods. This vessel, though the latest from Europe by a month, furnishes but little of importance from that quarter. In particular we notice, from the complaints of the French government, about the movements of the allies across the Rhine and towards Italy, but little indications of a peace being shortly concluded between the French Emperor and the allied powers; although it was said that two commissioners had left Paris for the Congress at Mannheim. A Paris paper says, that after having themselves (the allies) fixed the basis of peace, and after they had been accepted by the Emperor, the allied powers have refused to sign them, a circumstance unparalleled in the history of nations.

Verbal accounts also state, that the combined forces of the North crossed the Rhine in three different positions with 200,000 men on the 25th December, broke the neutrality of the Swiss Cantons and marched through—they had entered Bern with a part of the force which is said to be for the invasion of Italy.

By a letter brought by the above vessel, dated Switzerland Dec. 25, it is said that the Russian and Austrian army was expected at Lausanne, the same evening, and that they were to enter Geneva on the 30th, on their march towards Lyons. Another column it is said was marching towards Paris and had already reached Bedford.

It is also said that the King of Spain (Ferdinand) was preparing to leave Paris to re-assume his authority in Spain, as peace between France and Spain was likely to take place.

The French papers mention, that on the 12th & 13th Dec. the two armies before Bayonne were very warmly engaged without cessation, but don't give the result. They say the English and Portuguese lost 8 to 10,000 men; and that the Spanish troops were not engaged in this affair, they being on the right on the borders of the Adore.

McDonald, it was reported, had gone to Holland with 40,000 men.

The expenditures of the French Government for the last year, by the French papers, amounted to three hundred millions of dollars; and it is computed they will amount this year to a much larger sum.

The American privateer the True Blooded Yankee, Capt. Oxnard, has arrived at Brest, after a cruise, in which she has captured the following vessels, viz:

A vessel of 400 tons, armed with twelve 12 pounders, from Smyrna, loaded with gum, dried fruits, drugs, silks, &c. arrived at the Isle of Batz.

A vessel of 400 tons, armed with 16 nine pounders, from Buenos Ayres, cargo, skins, 100 tons of tallow and a large quantity of horse hair, arrived at Abrevrach.

A vessel of 100 tons, from Liverpool, cargo, sugar, lard and dry goods.

A vessel of 130 tons, from America, cargo, oil, cod-fish, &c. arrived at Lannion.

A vessel of 150 tons, cargo, sulphur, sumac, &c. taken near Onessant.

A vessel of 180 tons from Quebec cargo lumber, tar and pitch:

The privateer had on board 48 bales of raw silk, weighing about 12,000 weight—20 boxes of Gum—4000 weight of Copper—20 rolls of Turkey carpet—40 bales of fine furs, 160 Buenos Ayres hides—23 bales of Beaver skins and a Piadno.

One of the 6 prizes fitted out by the Privateer was lost on the rocks of Perisal.—Crew saved.

The privateer Mars, capt. Ingersoll, of this port, after having captured 9 vessels, and having been chased eleven times during her cruise, was so closely pursued on Monday last off the south side of Long-Island, by a 74 and a frigate, that she was ran ashore on Rockaway Beach, where the enemy took her and committed her to the flames. Previous to which, capt. Ingersoll and about forty of his crew, made their escape to the shore, leaving on board about 30 of his men, and 43 prisoners, all of whom fell into the hands of the enemy. During the cruise, Henry Hall and Thomas Woodward, seamen, were drowned. Four of the prizes to the Mars, were manned and ordered in, only one of which, it is said, has as yet arrived, viz. the brig Britannia.—[Gaz.]

A Cartel for Gottenburg, with despatches from government to our ministers there, is to sail next week. She will take letters and such passengers as may have passports from the Secretary of State.

By a letter received by yesterday's mail from Washington, it is said that Gen. Floyd's army has been attacked and defeated by the Creek Indians, with the loss of 300 men and all his artillery.

The privateer schr. Diomede, capt. Crowninshield, has arrived at Salem from a cruise, and has taken six schooners from the West-Indies bound to Halifax, with rum, sugar, coffee, &c.

A Barbadoes paper found on board one of the above prizes mentions the arrival at that place of two French frigates, the Arethusa, and the Amethyst, which were captured by a British 74 and a frigate.

The Coroner Reports the death of Mr. John B. Gillespie, late of the firm of Gillespie, Kirk & Co. Charleston, S. C. a native of Scotland, found on the shore, near Brooklyn. Verdict accidental drowning.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Perine, Mr. Jonathan Moore, to Miss Fanny Bangs, all of this city.

At Newtown, (Con.) Mr. Isaac Crofut, to Miss Huldah Fairchild, of Redding; he is the fifth brother that has married five sisters of that family.

Obituary.

DIED,

Mrs. Angelica Church, wife of John B. Church, esq. aged 58.

Mrs. Hester Pettet, wife of Mr. Thomas Pettet.

Of a lingering illness, Miss Catharine Dooley, aged 16 years, daughter of Mr. Andrew Dooley.

After a lingering illness, Hannah, wife of Mr. Willet Mott.

Mrs. Sarah Maria Leonard, wife of Mr. John Leonard, aged 28.

After a short but severe illness, Mr. Henry Couenhoven, aged 46, whose brother died last week, of a similar complaint.

Mr. John M'Kenna, aged 47.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Thomas Bailie aged 21
Mrs. Mary Ann Speth, widow of the late George Speth, of this city.

At Mount Pleasant, Mr. Joseph Clement aged 29, late merchant of this city.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 34 persons, from the 27th ult. to the 5th inst.

Seat of the Muses.

From the Port Folio.

THE OCEAN PILGRIM.

A MORAL POEM—BY MR. DAVIS.

Thomas King, a young American sailor, confined on board the Ruby, guard-ship, at Bermuda, observed one evening a boat alongside with her sails standing, which the lieutenants had neglected to hoist in. A squall arose, and in the darkness of the gust, he committed himself in her to the mercy of the winds and waves, with no other provisions than some biscuits and water. He was alone nine days on the awful expanse of waters in this open boat; on the tenth he made the Virginia shore and landed on Cape Henry.

STRONG the love of native home,
There vivid fancy casts her eye;
Whether on earth or sea we roam,
Our native land demands the sigh.

So, I, Columbia's true-born son,
In floating dungeon long confin'd,
Could ne'er by smiles nor bribes be won,
To abjure the land I left behind.

Bermuda's isle had long beheld,
In prison ship, my cheerless fare,
From home and voice of friends withheld,
A mournful victim to despair.

At length, one night, a boat astern,
With snowy sails allured my gaze;
A squall arose—and now I burn,
To leave my jailors in amaze.

Some bread and water all my store,
A compass sav'd in vent'rous mood;
And how alone, I traverse o'er,
In open boat, great Neptune's flood.

'Twas sabbath, when my frail bark roll'd,
At mercy of the billows steep;
But though no bell, to Vesper toll'd,
I found a temple on the deep.

I earnest pray'd, that He, whose storms,
In terror shake the sea and sky,
Would take my spirit in his arms,
And watch me with a parent's eye.

The fair moon lent the sea her light,
Her beams upon the surface curl'd,
And dolphins sported, passing bright,
Around my little wooden world.

When, sudden, from a silver cloud,
Advanc'd sweet Hope, a vision bright;
With melting voice, she call'd aloud,
And charm'd the silence of the night.

"Sea pilgrim, hail! old Ocean kind,
"Shall homeward bear his sailor boy,
"And soon a mother's arms shall wind
"Around thy neck with speechless joy.

"Thy sisters dear, shall sobbing dwell
"About thy form, with gushing eye;
"And she, whose vestal tumults swell,
"Shall at thy presence cease to sigh."

Nine days has pass'd, the tenth I knew
By signs, that land was not remote;
The sea had lost its sable hue,
And swallows hover'd round my boat.

'Twas so—for soon, in angel shape
Uprose to view Virginia's shore!
I land on Henry's welcome Cape,
I kneel, and humbly God adore!

ON FINDING A FAVOURITE ROBIN

FROZEN TO DEATH.

MY little friend! thy fate should claim a tear;
Cold is thy form, and hush'd thy tuneful strain:
It grieves me much that I no more shall hear
Thy "wood-notes wild" beneath my thatch again.

The wintry blast which howls across the moor
Hath chill'd the current in thy crimson breast;
And, Oh! it rends my heart with anguish sore,
That death has robb'd me of my welcome guest.

When Sol first darted forth his feeble ray,
Thou flew'st with airy wing around my shed;
Thy flut'ring at my window seem'd to say—
"My mistress kind, Oh! give a little bread."

How did my sparkling eyes with rapture beam,
When I to thee the scanty boon had giv'n;
Thou bow'dst thy head to sip the crystal stream;
It rose again with grateful look to Heav'n.

Then wouldst thou hop around my cheerful fire,
And flutter still, as tho' still loth to part:
Unlike to man! for kindness could inspire
A thankful feeling in a Robin's heart.

Thou saidst: "When spring returns I'll build my nest
"Beneath the covert of yon aged tree;
"And whilst my young are foster'd in my breast,
"I'll teach them songs of gratitude to thee."

"When the first dawn of morn begins to peep,
"Their strains from slumber shall thine eyes uncloze,
"And when at eve, thou sink'st again to sleep,
"Their gentle songs shall soothe thee to repose."

Sweet bird! soft spring shall never visit thee,
Thine eyes are clos'd in death's cold gloomy night;
In vain once more shall bloom that aged tree,
Thy tender brood shall ne'er the woods delight.

Thy little form beneath the sod shall lie,
And there the violets of the spring shall bloom;
And when my mournful footsteps wander nigh,
I'll drop a tear on little Robin's tomb.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON AN ORPHAN CHILD

Left on the charity of the town in which it was born

My proud heart would this moment break
If I e'er thought a child of mine
Would need the pity of the world.

ALAS poor babe! a mother's care
Shall never guard thy infant years,
Or soothe thy little lonely hours:
Alone in this wide world of woe,
A weary pilgrimage here below,
Thou'rt destin'd to endure:
Unless kind Heaven revoke this doom,
And ope for thee the friendly tomb.
Death's fearful ferry soon pass'd o'er
Then would the mother, see her babe,
Companion of its maker GOD,
A Cherubim as angels pure.
But oh! that little playful smile,
That's gath'ring on thy cheek the while,
Bespeaks no woe fraught troubled breast:
Ah happy stage of infancy!
It knows no woe's, from sorrow's free,
And therefore feels no heart oppress't;
Then lovely infant still smile on,
Thy childhood boasts a cloudless sun,
Whose ways maturer age ne'er feels;
But woe betide the fairy fiend
That wakes thee from such lovely dreams,
And dooms to woe the morning's smile.
But should thy life be marked with cares,
Remember life's the vale of tears
And deem not gracious heaven unkind;
This one reflection far more worth,
Is there a single soul on earth
That never never mourn'd?

ELLA.

THE SCEPTIC.

Would you, my friend, the finished sceptic make,
To form his nature these materials take;
A little learning; twenty grains of sense,
Joined with a double share of ignorance;
Infuse a little wit into the skull,
Which never fails to make a mighty fool;
Two drachms of faith—a ton of doubting next;
Let all be with the dregs of reason mixt.
When in his mind these jarring seeds are sown,
He'll censure all things—but approve of none.

Morality.

CONTENTMENT.

THERE are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it must consist in having every thing in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease at all points, as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are instances of some, who seem to pass through the world as if all their paths had been strewed with rose-buds of delight;—but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon.—We are born to trouble; and we may depend upon it whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions—that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and, therefore, the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, or overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves towards every thing which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate fitted for us by nature, and in which every wise man would wish to live.

There is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen; Providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter soever, there are some cordial drops—some good circumstances, which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them—that is, to make him contented, and if not happy, at least resigned.

Anecdote.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

When Lord Howe was captain of the *Magnanime*, a Negro sailor was ordered to be flogged. Every thing being prepared, and the ship's company assembled to witness the punishment, Captain Howe made a long address to the culprit on the enormity of his offence. Poor Mungo, tired of the harrangue, and having his back exposed to the cold, exclaimed, "Massa! if you floggee, floggee; or, if you preachee, preachee; but no preachee and floggee too!"

A TRAVELLER.

Bayle tells us of a great traveller, who being rallied upon his rambling humour, answered, "That he would cease travelling as soon as he could find a country where power and honours were in the hands of honest men, and preferments went by merit."—Query, if such a man were now alive, where would he take up his abode?

THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or for fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No. 13 Fair-street, near Broadway, New-York. City subscribers to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole, in advance; and it is a positive condition that all letters and communications come free of postage.